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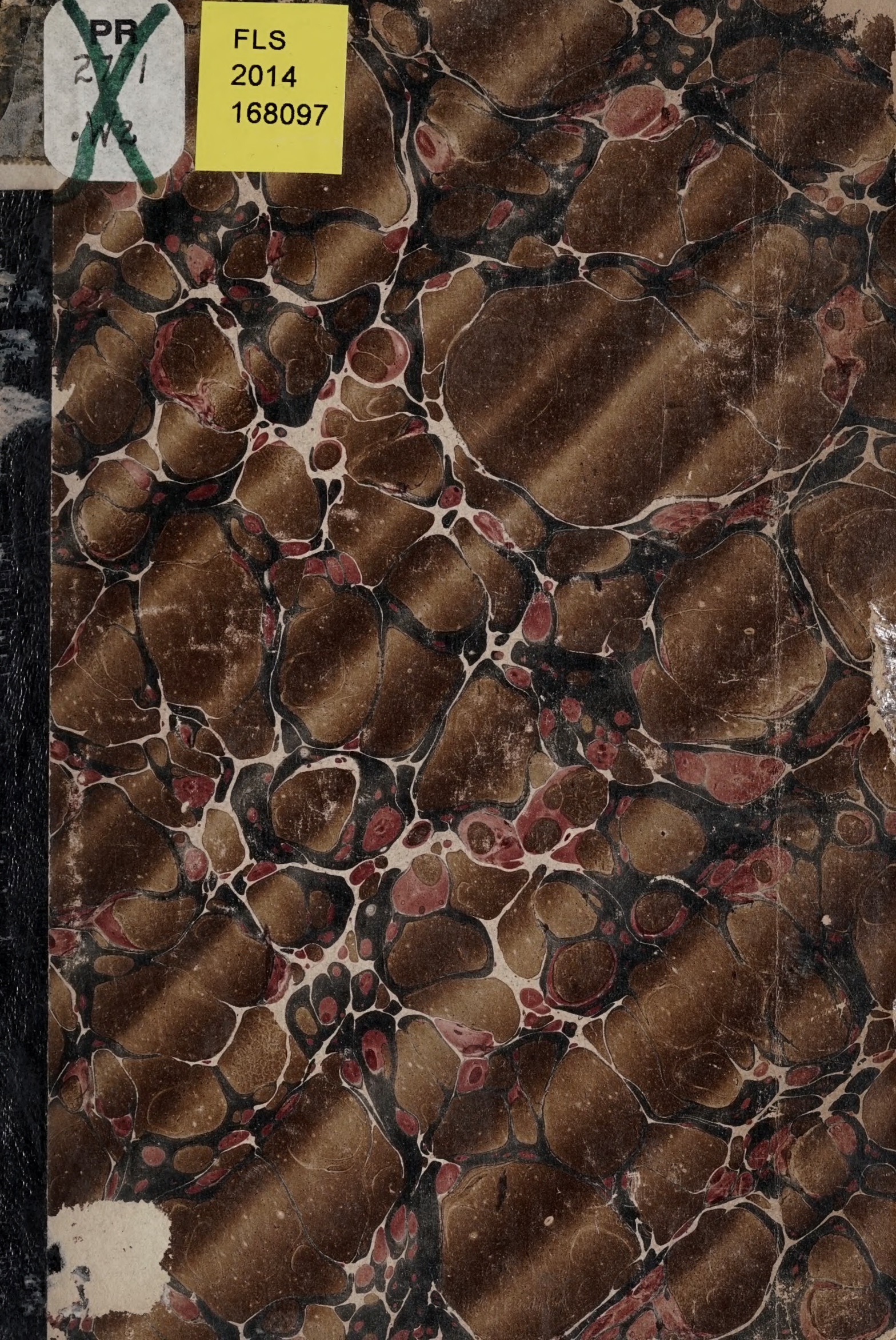

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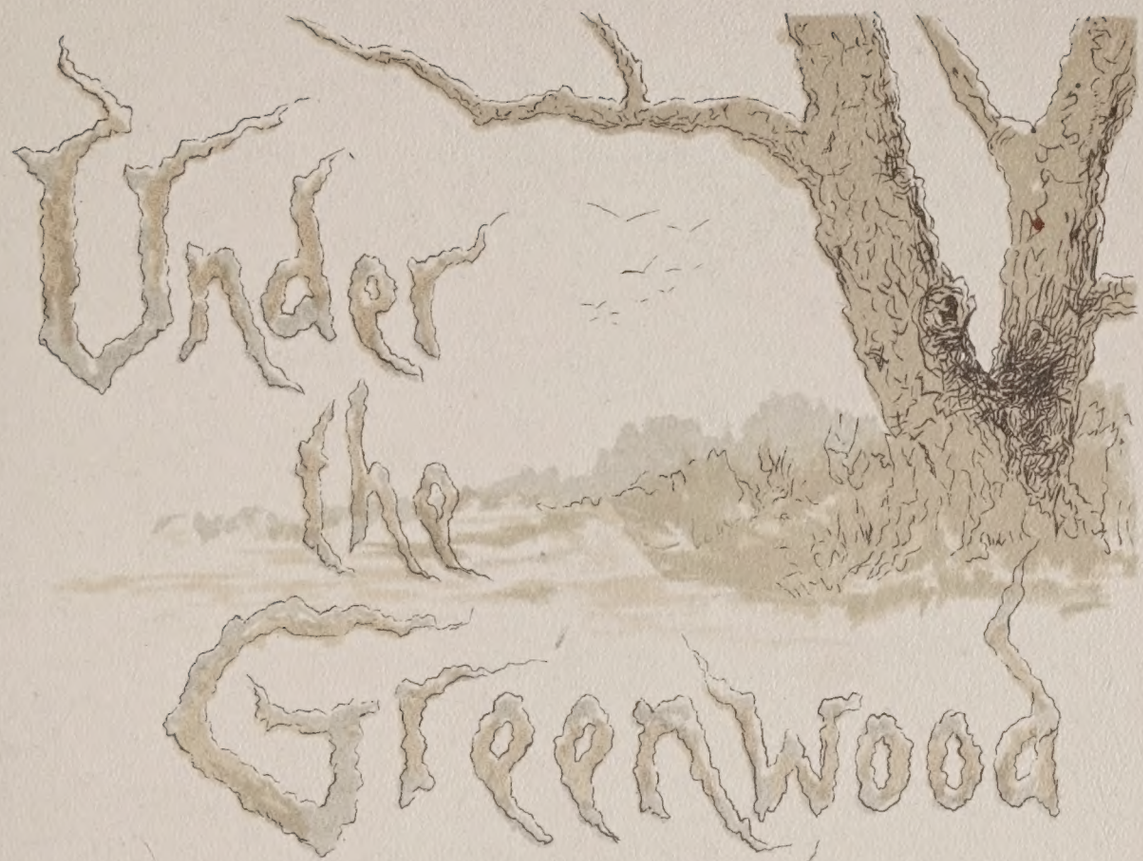
Under the Greenwood Tree, with Shakspere.



Under the Greenwood Tree, with Shakspere.

Selections and Illustrations By

WEDWORTH WADSWORTH.

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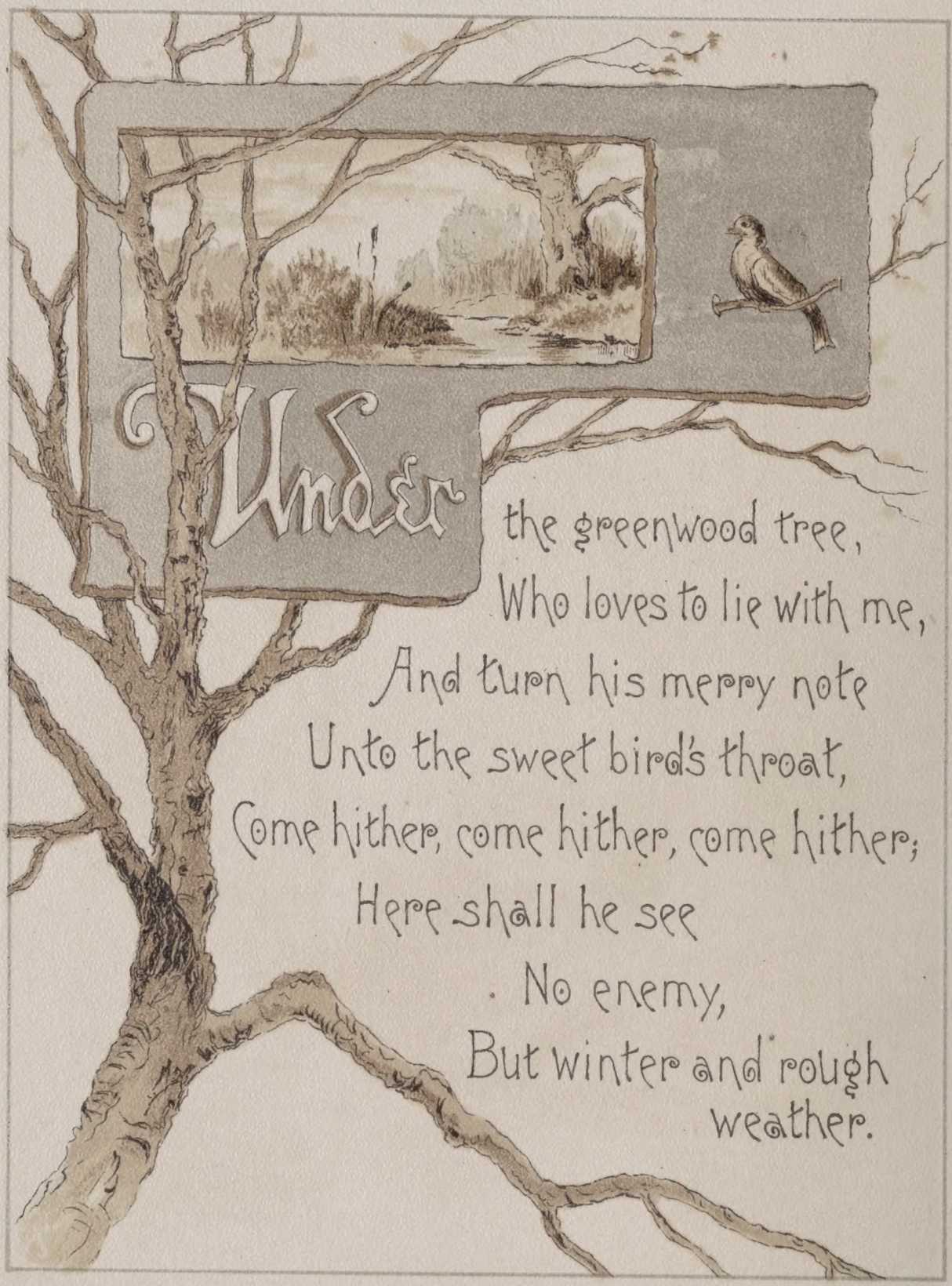

Under
the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough
weather.

Rural F. P.O. M. 1942-18-15

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,"

I know a bank where the wild-thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

"Where the wild thyme blows"

On a day,
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
wish'd himself the
heaven's breath.

"Love whose month is ever May",

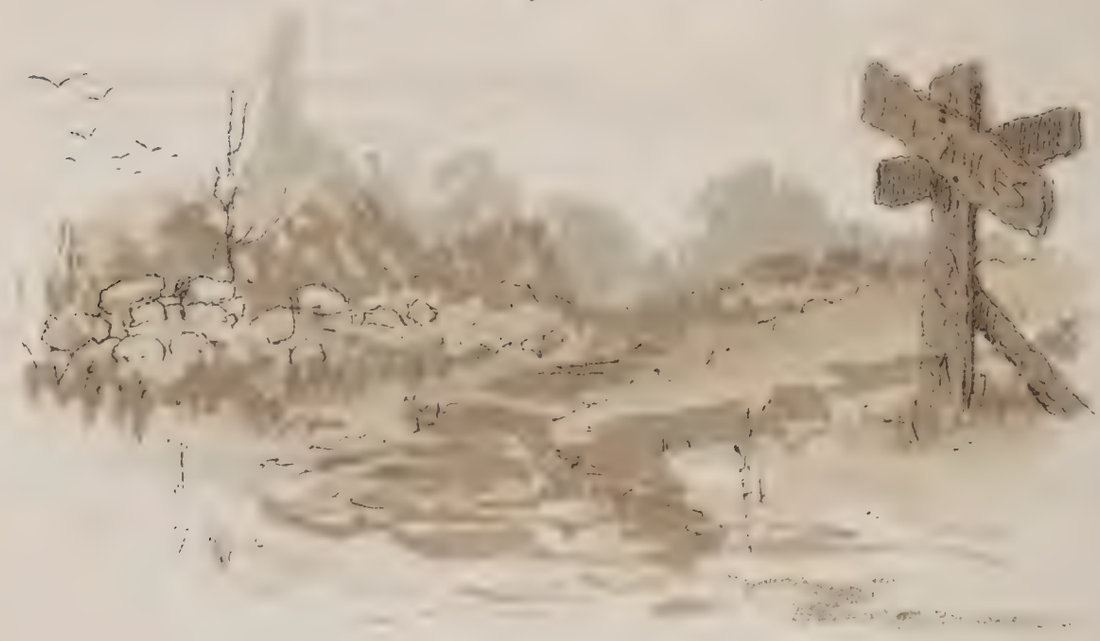
For never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere;

Then, were not Summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty
were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance
what it was.

"Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere",

Jog on,

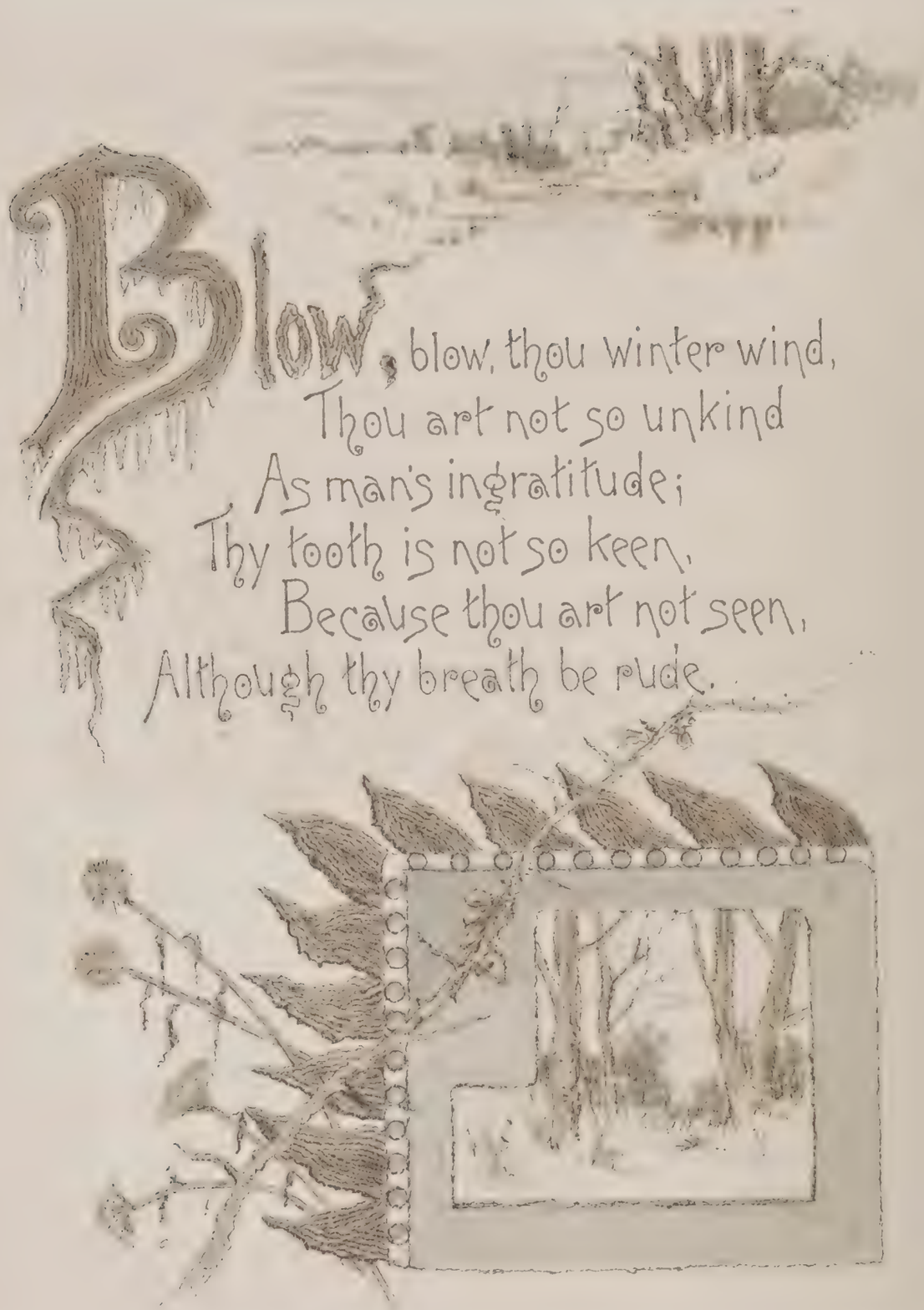
jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.



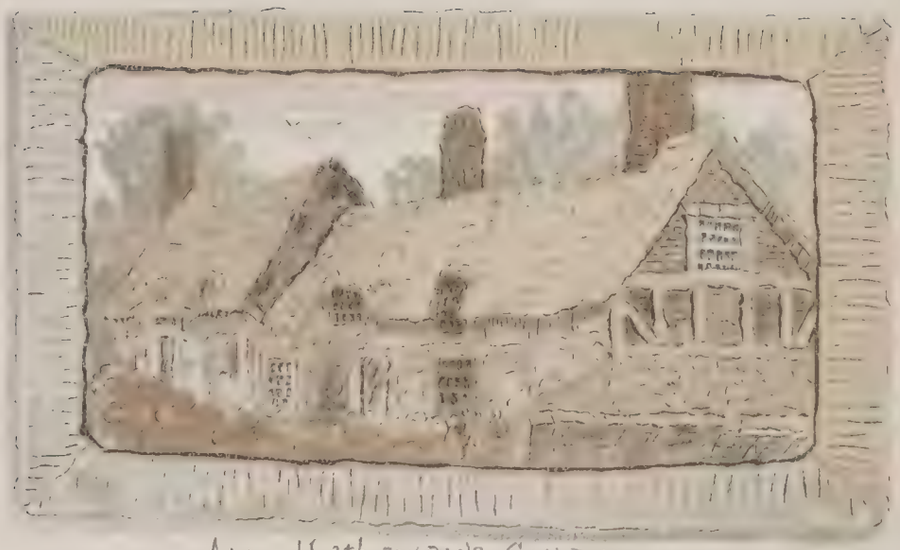
"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a"

how this Spring of love
resembleth
The uncertain glory
of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty
of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

"The uncertain glory of an April day."


Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;"



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

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